PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE
CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. ONE, NO. THREE | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, MAY 25, 1926 | TEN CENTS

NEW SUNSET SCHOOL TO GRADUATE 20

The first class to graduate from the new Sunset School in Carmel will have its final exercises at the compleition of the eighth year in the grammar school on the afternoon of June 25 in the school auditorium. Plans are now being perfected for the program which will include talks to the pupils and musical numbers which are being arranged by Miss Blanche Tolmie.

The pupils of the graduating class are Robert Cone, Mildred Pearson, Billy Heron, Lyle Palmer, Wilma Bassett, Marguerite Tickle, Lillian Wentworth, Carol Jones, Billy Argo, Peter Floor, Herbert McGucken, Marion Minges, Helen Ward, Hester Schoeninger, Mary Ammerman, Edward Dewey, Lois Love, Edward Armenini, Helen Turner and Muriel Watson.

Miss Mary E. Powers, principal of the school is the teacher of the graduating class. The pupils were recently provided with the courses of study available at Monterey Union High School and many of them have selected the subjects which they intend to take when they enter the secondary school.

DR. MacDOUGAL HAS AUTOMOBILE TROUBLE

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Coastal Laboratory, who recently arrived from Arizona to be here for the summer found that traveling in a Stanley steamer has its drawbacks, although he made 1160 miles in four days and a half without a bit of trouble.

"The next time I cross," said Dr. MacDougal, "I think I shall pretend to be either deaf or haughty, since I was obliged to explain the mysteries of the steamer to most of the population of Arizona and California. I should also like to have some suitable come-back for the man who flags me and tells me my radiator is boiling. This happened every day."

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PIANO RECITAL GOOD

A fair-sized and appreciative audience greeted Katharine Vander Roest Clarke, pianist, in recital at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Sunday evening. Mrs. Clarke's program was short but extremely well-balanced—and through the artistry of her touch and her charming personality she fascinated the music lovers who manifested their pleasure in applause to which the pianist graciously responded with several encores.

NO SECOND BANK IN CARMEL, DECLARES FRANK JOHNSON

State Bank Examiner Says Another Financial Institution Not Needed Here At the Present Time

There will be no second bank in Carmel—at least not for some time to come.

This is the decision of Frank Johnson, state bank examiner, who said today in San Francisco that he was not aware that an application had been made for another financial institution here, but that if it were it would not meet with favorable consideration from his department.

..."There is no need for another bank in Carmel," Johnson said. "The one there is capable of handling the situation. Any applicant for another would have to prove very strongly that it is needed, and I do not feel that that could be done."

Johnson gave this information to The Cymbal over the telephone.

AN OPEN LETTER TO J. A. EASTON, NEW OWNER OF THE PINE CONE

My dear Mr. Easton:

To my knowledge I have never seen you, and I am sure that I have never had any personal dealings with you, business or social. This letter therefore can have no personal significance; I am writing to you only as the new owner and editor of the Pine Cone.

First, I want to congratulate you on the improved appearance of the first issue of the paper under your editorial direction. With the very apparent assistance of The Cymbal the Pine Cone of last Saturday looked better than it has ever looked before. It had one illustration, a trifle short in length for your three columns, because it was the cut of the new Carmel hospital which I ordered from the San Jose Engraving company and paid for with a Cymbal check for $4.35 last week. As my columns are only 12 ems wide I had the cut made 37 ems and that was too short for you. I'm sorry.

The one feature you added to the Pine Cone, you lifted bodily from last week's Cymbal. The Seven Arts devoted quite a little labor in making that collection of "Carmel Writers and Artists in the Current Magazines" and I honestly think that you should have had the cour----, the thought to have mentioned that fact as I did.

But, that's all a small matter, or two small matters. To be frank with you, I felt considerable apprehension a week ago when I learned that you had bought the Pine Cone. I thought that there was a possibility of an actual competition to The Cymbal resulting from your editorship of the Dolores street weekly. To be further frank with you, I purchased a Pine Cone early Saturday morning and avidly scanned it. As I have said, the better appearance (thanks to The Cymbal) appealed to me at once, or caused me some worry. I wondered if you had put into the paper something that would make it an actual competitor of mine. Then I read it and, (forgive the unkindness, but you know how it is) I discovered that instead of contributing anything to the public print in Carmel, you were inclined to be a bit dull, and, I might add, a bit timorous.

I say "timorous" because you have devoted a rather insipid editorial on

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ON FINDING A CHILDHOOD GOD AMONG THE PINE WOODS OF CARMEL

by W. K. B.

My youth was dominated by a mother with a New England conscience and corresponding convictions, traditions and ideals. Under one of these headings came a subscription to the Youth's Companion which the postman had brought to her every week since she was seven years old. From her I am afraid I inherited very little more than this subscription to the Youth's Companion, unless it was, perhaps, my interest in it.

It commenced printing, about the time I had learned to read unaided, a series of football stories by an eastern college man. These were fine stories and the author of them became one of my childhood gods. In fact, he ranked Jesus of Nazareth, Napolean and Charles Dickens, although I was careful not to admit this audibly. The possibility of ever knowing him was about as remote as that of meeting the others face to face.

Last Sunday evening, in Carmel, I sat in the presence of Jesse Lynch Williams and he gave me a cigarette—three cigarettes. They were Lucky Strikes and I had in my pocket a perfectly good pack of that brand for which you are said to be willing to walk a mile, but one should at least defer to a childhood god.

Jesse Lynch Williams reminds me of the Beach at Waikiki. That short stretch along the shore of Oahu doesn't meet your dreams in appearance, but it beggars your wildest anticipations in every other way. I had put a halo on Mr. Williams and he is the sort of man I would imagine would want to lift that off. He doesn't need it to fill the bill of my youthful reverence, if that means anything to him.

Williams is a long, well-shaped man with a long, well-shaped mind. He is aliberal. He is not a self expressionist. He doesn't think midnight inspirations get anybody anywhere in the world of literature. He believes hard work is necessary, but he doesn't make a point of telling how hard he works. He says there are too many

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THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE

In Carmel
- Carmel News Company. (Slevin's.)
- Staniford's Drug Store
- Palace Drug Store.
- The Smoke Shop.

In Monterey
- Adobe Tea Room, 535 Polk street.

In Del Monte
- Del Monte Hotel Newstand.

The Cymbal is NOT peddled on the streets.

HALSTED YATES TELLS ABOUT BASEBALL AS WAS BEFORE CHARLIE VAN RIPER

(Halsted Yates is much more than merely one of the boys on the Abalone League field each Sunday afternoon. Halstead Yates is a power by virtue prnicipally of his history. As has been said of a Ford car, and there is nothing personal in this comparison, after hitting the ball Yates runs on his reputation. He was manager of the Yale baseball team in 1883, president of the Yale baseball association in the same year, and president of the Intercollegiate baseball association, including Yale, Harvrd, Princeton nd Amhurst, also in 1883. You notice that he merely touches on 1776 in his article. He denies any personal connection with affairs in that year.—Editor.)

By HALSTED YATES

1776. Declaration of Independence
1776. Baseball was practically unknown.

1876. Centennial of the Declaration of Independence.
1876. Baseball the national outdoor game. The curved ball first used.

1926. Sesquicentennial of the Declaration of Independence.
1926. The Abalone league a Carmel feature.

After the nation had finished celebrating the 1876 centennial it turned its attention to base ball. The curved ball had been discovered at about that time and no one would believe what was said it could do. So a comittee was formed to test it out.

The pitcher stood on one side of a low fence and the catcher on the other side far enough back to enable him to catch the ball after it had curved around the end of that fence. After the test the committee were entirely satisfied that the "curved" ball was a reality and that it would undoubtedly be a great feature in all ball games. At first only the outcurve was used but in a short time all the different angles that a ball game can make were learned and put into practice.

This very quickly caused many changes to be made in rules and methods. The catchers had to have some protection. Up to that time catchers stood back near the back stop fence and took the balls on a bound until two strikes were on the batter. The catcher then came up behind the bat as they now do, except that they caught with bare hands and no pads for chest or legs.

A few catchers used a piece of rubber which was supposed to save their teeth if the ball struck them in the mouth. The rubber arranged so that heavy rubber covered upper and lower teeth in front and a thinner piece of rubber in the center that the catcher held with his teeth. Robinson (the manager-president of the Brooklyn league team) was a catcher when he played in the 70s and 80s. It is said of him that he wore a fingerless glove that had no padding, as he believed that raw beef was good for bruises, he put some in the palm of his hand and drew the glove over it. If that is true he was the first ball player to use a padded glove so far as I know. Then some catchers wore a fencers mask but that was found more dangerous than no mask as the wires were too light. Soon after that the mask that is now used was worked out. The first lot were very crude and as it had no pads was a worry to the catcher. The faults however were soon remedied as soon as it was decided that it had come to stay.

A foul was out if caught on the bound and if the catcher missed the third strike the batter had a chance to make first base.

The pitching was mostly straight arm work or an underhand throw

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A Powerful Performance

"And here," said the guide to what was once bad man's country, "is where Hiram Spillster captured five men single-handed."

"Well land's sakes alive!" ejaculated an old lady. "That was a right powerful stunt for a one-armed man!"—American Legion Weekly.

NEWS NOTES

Mrs. Elmer Cox of Pebble Beach entertained the following guests over the week end: Mrs. R. Carrington, Mrs. L. R. Black and Toney Le Febre, the bridge specialist.

Mrs. Aline Bixby of Hollywood has been spending a few days at her Pebble Beach home before closing it for the summer.

Mrs. Gale Johnson is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. G. B. Johnson of Carmel.

A new house is being built in the Eighty-Acre Tract for J. A. Easton, new owner of the Pine Cone. It is of the studio type and was designed by Robert Stanton.

A food sale will be held by the Unity Center on next Saturday, May 29, at the Robbins house on Dolores, next to the postoffice.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton Thomas are occupying their Carmel home, "Top o' the World," and expect to remain for a long stay.

Mrs. V. M. Porter has gone to Santo Barbara and the Ojai Valey School from which she will bring home her daughter Valentine for the summer vacation.

The King of Carmel Baseball is back. Mr. and Mrs. Charles King Van Riper are home again after an extended trip in the northwest.

Robert Stanton is designing an unusual type of home for Mrs. Ethel Pickler Young which will be built on a large lot on heights above Pebble Beach. It will be modeled on the old baronial halls of England, with moat, portcullis and turrets.

News has been received from the East of the death of Duncan Struthers. Struthers was in Carmel two years ago during the production of Rem's play "Mr. Bunt" and donated his services to make it a success.

L. Egasse, who is designing a number of houses for Carmel people, has gone to Laguna Beach on business connected with a new building which he planned. He is expected back here tomorrow.

The imitation thatched roof has become very popular but R. Clarkson Colman will have the first genuine thatched roof on his new studio on the highway beyond the intersection with Carpenter street. He traveled far into the hills last week until he found the real stuff.

DON HALE'S GOOD WORK FAILS TO WIN GAME

Don Hale had a miserable afternoon last Sunday on the Abalone league field and by all the rules of the god of baseball he should have gone home with a laurel wreath of victory on his brow.

Although he held the Shamrocks to blank frames as far as runs are concerned for six perfectly good innings, in the the other fatal one the three-leafed diamond galloper s managed to annex four circuits of the bags which gave them the game. And that fatal inning was the first. From that time on it was an arid waste for the Shamrocks, but the Reds could not manage to get more than three runs toward gathering in the victory.

The first game went to the Bears when they vanquished the Reds 7 to 6.

In the second game Fred Godwin's Pirates throttled the Tigers 8 to 7.

Rehearsals are about to start for the production of "King Dodo," the light opera which Fenton P. Foster will put on at the Forest Theater this summer.

Mrs. Lillian McCormack of Pasadena spent some time in Carmel last week superintending alterations on her tow houses on Casanova street.

Mrs. Emily Bell and her daughter of Saratoga were in Carmel for the week-end.

Miss Helen Rosenkrans and Miss Eleanor Abercrombie will move into their new home out on the Point the end of this week.

Lynn Bramkamp and a party of friends spent last week-end in the Bramkamp cottage on Casanova street.

Mrs. Ethel P. Young and her daughter, Mrs. Robert Stanton left Sunday for an extended trip through the middle western states. They will visit the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Glacier Park, Mt. Ranier and points of interest in Montana, Texas and Missouri. They will return in time for the opening of the new Monterey Peninsula Country club on July 4.

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"THE MUTANT" NOT A GREAT PLAY, BUT GEORGE BALL AND GLADYS VANDER ROEST PLAY IT GREATLY

Mr. George M. Ball,
Director and Star of "The Mutant"
Written by Louise Walcott and Gilbert Hamilton,
and Produced for the First Time
at The Arts and Crafts Theater, Carmel,
on the evening of May 21, 1926

My dear George:

You walked boldly and with apparent calm awfully close to the heights last Friday night, with Gladys Vander Roest at a bit higher altitude beckoning you on. The two of you, with satisfactory asistance from the balance of the cast, made me certain of what I suspected when I read the manuscript two weeks ago—that 'The Mutant" has the makings of a great play. It isn' a great play in its present form, although Miss Vander Roest and you did untold wonders with it, but you proved that it can be made into one and, I believe, by the apparent genius of one of its authors, Louise Walcott.

The highest compliment I can pay you and Miss Vander Roest is a vicarious one. It was actually rendered you by a man who has had at least one successful play on Broadway and who sat just in front of me at the first production of "The Mutant". I am afraid it was an unconscious compliment, but perhaps it was all the stronger for that. This gentleman, done up in the characteristic evening dress of the proverbial gentleman, with all that it sometimes so falsely connotes of refinement and culture, so belied his costume in the second act of your play as to disturb those about him with his audible comments and expressions of boredom. But in the third act you got him and he was silent, bending forward in his seat, intently watching you and listening and, probably despite himself, apparently completely enthralled by the work you were doing.

As for the place where he displayed his interest, I must say that I did not agree with him. I consider the second act of "The Mutant" the best; that is, the final half of the second act. In that act, as in the other two, there was much verbitage that I believe Mrs. Walcott and her co-author will rip out of the manuscript before she and he decide that they have actually got some thing in the way of a play. There is also much that it will be necssary for them to strengthen to "put over" the big theme of the thing. Because, George, with all your inspired acting, and that of Gladys Vander Roest and William Titmas, I do not believe that you get "The Mutant" over to the audience. I believe the reasons for this are several. The principal one is, of course, the absence of proper intensity in lines on the points which are so important in advancing the theme. Another is the fault of your cast, or your direction of it. Where there were lines of importance they were often not clearly read and not properly emphasized in tone. Another is an important reason, but beyond your control. Here in Carmel a producing director faces the necessity of getting together a group of persons on whom he can depend for rehearsals and interest and then with paper and pencil trying to decide most effectively in what role to put each of them. It isn't possible to do in the proper way: pick your people for their parts. Your are compelled to pick the parts for the people, and it doesn't work so well. I mean to say by this, that Marian Todd is too sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered for the part she has in "The Mutant," and the Josselyn brothers, a duet of force in most anything they are called upon to do, were not in their places in your present play.

But the second act of "The Mutant" was the best—that art of it, at any rate, when you and Gladys Vander Roest are occupying the center of the stage. You will understand me when I say—and I don't refer to chivalry—that Gladys Vander Roest is a better actress than you are an actor; the best, in fact, in this fair community of ours, but last Friday you moved up very close to her line of art and your scene with her is the best thing I have ever seen you do or heard of your doing.

As for William Titmas I felt that he was doing gratifyingly well what he had been directed to do. Mrs. Walcott wrote the play and probably knew how she wanted it played. My quarrel with her is that she wanted a bit too much strength from Titmas. He gave it to her admirably, and his acting was all but perfect, but he did too much of it. He made Barney, the crazy man, entirely too crazy and entirely too soon, to permit the balance of the cast and the play in which he did not figure to measure up to its proper tempo.

Tommie Thompson, whoever she may be, was exceptionally good. That scene where she breaks in on you and Ruth was a big high light in the play and it needed her to make it so.

Rhoda Johnson and Richard Johnson are especialy to be congratulated this time on their stage settings and lighting effects. The laboratory equipment, loaned by Thomas Bickle certainly completed the atmosphere of the hospital room.

But, George, "The Mutant" was fine and you "done it," referring to my wonder a week ago whether or not you would be capable of doing it, and you yourself lifted your intense and dramatic self far above what I have been afraid was your standard.

But in my opinion "The Mutant" is not a great play; not as great as you have expressed your belief that it is. It needs a great deal done to it to make it great.

Sincerely
W. K. B.

"GRASS" COMING TO CARMEL

"Grass," a motion picture which has received favorable notices from all the well known critics, will be shown next Friday and Saturday nights at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

"Grass" serves to demonstrate what human travail may be and it carries a modern, but still ancient, people from arid fields across mountains and down gorges until they find the green meadows of their desires and the feed necessary for their cattle. It is a moving drama that brings one close to the reality of living.

HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC PUPILS ENTERTAIN AT SUNSET

The Boys and Girls Glee club, the vocal class and the orchestra of Monterey Union High School visited the Sunset school of Carmel last Friday afternoon and gave a musical program to show those who are about to graduate from the local grammar school what the high school has in the matter of music.

An interesting program was rendered by the 32 high school pupils in the Sunset school auditorium. The numbers were a waltz by the orchestra, "My Rosary," chorus; "Bohemian Girl," orchestra; "From the Land of the Sky Bule Waters," and "In the Garden of Tommorrow," solos by Evelyn Arne; "A Little Prayer for Me," and a selection from Robin Hood by Beni Ogawa; "Garden Dance," orchestra, and "Indian Dawn" and "To a Wild Rose, chorus.

Those who rendered the program included Ruth Kridler, Elizabeth Rivis, Angela Ferranti, Beni Ogawa, Evelyn Arne, Gertrude Tyler, Thelma Carnes, Dolores Rose, Edith Dickenson, Mary Elizabeth Douglas, Velma Frost, Annetta Lee, Lucille Sparolini, Anna Market, Elenore Rothermundt, Myrle Coffey, Henrietta Farly, Jessie Leslie, Leo Wasserman, Elton Gerry, Clifton George, William Lewis, Harriet Severance, Mary Ingels, Harold Bogardt, Marjorie Spafford, Nathan Wass, David Allen, Carl Brown, Nathan Swartz, Tanner Brown, Fred Boucher and Rollo Harris.

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SOME COMPLIMENTS FOR THE CYMBAL'S KEYNOTE

With the permission of the writers, The Cymbal presents herewith the written opinions of the paper as expressed by persons of consequence. Thev are gratifying letters, to us, and to you they should be an inspiration to b enumbered among the good and true:

Dear Editor:

I am so pleased with the paper, and here are all manner of good wishes. If I can be of any service let me know.

Very sincerely yours,
MRS. EDWARD A. KLUEGEL.

Friend Bassett:

Congratulations. Nice make-up. Readable? Very. May it have long life and be fruitful. I enclose a couple of apples.

FRANK SHERIDAN.

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing my check for four dollars, for a year's subscription to The Cymbal.

I am hoping that it will be your first check and the first substantial evidence of the faith I have in whatever you put out.

If I can help you as a contributor, please call on me. I have nothing at present that I feel the urge to offer, but if I can help you out sometime I shall be glad to do so.

With my best wishes, and my sincerest thanks for your having at last started something that I know will reflect the real Carmel and do us credit and give us some satisfaction, I am

Yours very sincerely
MAE HARRIS ANSON.

Dear Cymbal:

I like the tone of your first issue and am glad to subscribe for a year. If you can keep up your courage, both in your own heart and in your editorials, and can keep free fro mbitterness and pettiness your paper will deserve steady support. With best wishes,

Yours truly,
SUSAN PORTER.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

I want to congratulate you on the Vol. 1 No. 1. of the dandy new weekly—The Cymbal. Long and loud ma yit ring!

Really it was delightful to see and read, and I shall look forward to it every week. Both you and Miss Castelhun deserve great credit for so interesting a paper.

Believe me that both Mr. Yates and myself think your venture promises success and wish you all good things.

Yours sincerely
ELEANOR W. YATES.

Dear Mr. Bassett,

I am so pleased with The Cymbal, and with your statement of facts. So pleased that I have sent copies of the paper to several editors in Chicago and New York.

congratulations and warmest wishes for every success.

Sincerely
BLANCHE C. MATTHIAS

Editor Carmel Cymbal:

I am a property owner in Carmel and expect to make my home there in the near future, so naturally I am interested in all Carmel doings.

I received a copy of your little paper this morning and I like it. I like its fairness and its fearlessness. It goes right to the spot. I am sending congratulations along with a check for a year's subscription.

Sincerely yours
LUELLA J. BALL, Stockton, Cal.

—or something

It seems that the Forest theater directors recently came quickly to a decision whether it should be "Fire" or "The Follies." It proved to be a case of preferring hell to hilarity.

REFLECTIONS

How I hate a mirror
When it makes a two of me;
A'doubling all my ugliness
And forcing me to see.
But how I love a mirror
When, as mirrors sometimes do,
It doubles all the joy of life
By making two of you.

NOSTALGIA

Whenever on my lids the sunshine falls
I close my eyes and sunshine falls again
On California hills made gold with grain
And I can hear the reaper's distant calls
Between the mower's clattering intervals,
And I can see the flaming poppies stain
The hollows with their orange, keen as pain,
Rimming the green of shaded canyon walls.

He is unhappy who has known how bright
The sun may be; how blue a sky may bend
Above eternal hills. Such warmth and peace.
Dwells in his heart, a lovely inner light
That he will carry to the world's dark end
Like some unhappy wanderer from Greece.

CLAIR in the Conning Tower

Following out its policy of extermination of all stray animals, if no one around Carmel wants that little black dog the Humane Society advertised in THE CYMBAL *last week, they're going to give him to God.*

THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE TALKERS

"It sure did rain yesterday. Couldn't go nowhere."

"Yeah, rainy Sundays get my goat—"

"I read a whole book yesterday. Might as well, couldn't go nowhere. I don't mind rain when you're 'round the office. You know—there's something to do, but 'round home—what can you do?"

"Sure, nothing to do unless you read."

"You said it. I read a whole book yesterday."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Feller in the book was a lawyer. I'd like to of been a lawyer. You know, they make good money. This feller ended up good."

"Yeah? What was the book called?"

"I don't know what it was called. I just wanted something to read so I picked this up, some book my wife had lying around the house. When I want to read I don't care what I read. I'll read anything. You know, nowhere to go on Sundays when it rains . . . "

"Sure, all there is to do is read."

"You said it. This was a good book, though. But when I want to read I just *read*. Don't make no difference to me what it is—."

—M. S. J.

HERE'S AN ENTRY IN THE CYMBAL'S LIMERICK CONTEST

There was a young girl of Carmel
Who, May eleventh, had Cymbals to sell;
Soon after she started,
With the edition she parted,
Good gracious, they must have sold well!

If any one wonders what the highbrows read in their moments of relaxation when their brows slip down a bit, just inquire at any public library. You'll find that the men whose keen brains have made them public characters, who can understand the Einstein theory as easily as the average person can guess how the movie will end, read detective stories. New thrillers of intricate plot are always in demand and such titles as "The Bronze Hand" and "The Double Thirteen" are eagerly snapped up as soon as they appear on the shelves.

Sign in the window of an esteemed Chestnut Street haberdashery in the City of Brotherly Love and General Butler! PAJAMAS 50% OFF.

On a local merchant's charge tags we find Eddie Guest blithering along as follows:

Men could not live without him,
All dreams are wreathed about him,
A vital place he fills.
He keeps alive ambition,
Spurs progress on its mission,
The man who pays his bills.

To which we would like to add:

We long to have permission
To kick to black perdition
The man who pens these chills.

And the last place in the world you'd look for an advertisement of Coney Island and its glittering allurements is in the pages of the conventional Harper's Magazine. Yet there it is, not looking out of place either! In fact, it actually goes one further in good taste and restraint than most of the advertisements among which it stands. It even looks *English*. It looks as if it had been planned and written by the Englishman who, on being shown the mammoth Wrigley sign with its thousands of electric lights on Broadway, remarked, "Very nice. But isn't it rarther conspicuous?"

"RELIGIOUS HEALING" REPORT CONTAINS INTERESTING AND STARTLING FACTS

In announcing the publication of the report of Alice E. Paulsen, Ph. Dd of New York to the committee on public health relations of the New York Academy of Medicine, on "Religious Healing," the editor of The Cymbal feels that it may be necessary to explain his reasons for giving space to it in his paper.

Times are innumerable in which he has been warned to "keep away from religious discussion" in periodicals whose editorial destinies he has had in charge. He has always wondered why this warning. He has been answered mainly that religion is a personal matter with those who believe in it, and it is nobody's business what a man's religion may be. That is true as it stands, but it is not a good reason for shying from a discussion of it. Anything in which a large number of people believe is interesting per se, and it is also interesting because of the human reaction to it. It is nobody's business how the man around the corner chooses to worship his God. It is nobody's business what kind of dahlias he grows in his garden, or the method he employs in bringing up his daughter. But we like at times to discuss his dahlia raising and it is possible that we may obtain from him some pointers about raising daughters. He shouldn't be any more sensitive about his God than he is about his dahlias or his daughter.

But people are sensitive about their religion. Roman Catholics and Christian Scientists are particularly so. Either because of a belief in its impregnability or because he is not so devout, the Protestant Christian doesn't care very much what you may say about his particular shrine. But while we would not hurt the sensibilities of people without a resultant gain which would make the end at which we aim justify the means of reaching it, we do feel that a free and open discussion of religious healing, as we would open it with Dr. Paulsen's report, is interesting. In that alone it proves its worth.

Her report is, as you will notice, made to the New York Academy of Medicine. In that name there is an inference of animus against healing other than through medicine which should be kept in mind while you are absorbing the interesting facts set forth.

---

by ALICE E. PAULSEN, Ph. D.

In ancient times the practice of healing was carried on by the priesthood. It was a recognized function of religious procedure, and history supplies us with amusing accounts of the queer charms, incantations and magical practices of every conceivable sort that were part of the stock in trade of the healers of those days. Such practices survive to this day among primitive peoples.

Though the early Egyptians had some knowledge of anatomy and must have known something about hygienic methods, the separation of medicine from religion and magic did not occur until the fourth century before Christ. Hippocrates, the father of modern medicine, was a product of the comparatively highly cultured Greek civilization, which made bodily perfection and health ideals in themselves.

Modern medicine itself has gone through endless changes. When we think of the numberless remedies that have been heralded, assiduously applied and later proved worthless, in spite of their one time reputability and popularity, we are sometimes forced to the conclusion that in the history of medicine there have been many practices, which, whatever they accomplished or failed to accomplish, must have worked through suggestion and not through any intrinsic therapeutic value. They take their place with magic. Nevertheless, the steady increase in the body of medical knowledge has tended to separate medicine further and further from religion, until at the present time we are scarcely able to trace the earlier close connection.

Psychotherapy is demonstrating the need for a more thoughtful consideration of Plato's ideal " mens sana in corpore sano" in the treatment of all disease conditions, and in a general way the interrelation of mind and body is recognized. But with regard to religion, a most vital aspect of mental

---

life opinion is decidedly divided.

A part of this particular study included gathering opinion, from a more or less unselected group of physicians, concerning the value of religion as a therapeutic agent as judged by their experience with it in practice. Comparatively few had found it practical or had had sufficient experience to warrant expressing an opinion. Of those had had experience with it, some reported favorably, some unfavorably. The same was true in the case of those who expressed opinions on the basis of theoretical consideration of the question.

Yet Plato's "mens sana" apparently means something more than a "sound mind" as it is commonly translated, and as psychotherapy ordinarily interprets it. He says: "The office of the physician extends equally to the purification of mind and body. To neglect the one is to expose the other to evident peril. It is not only the body which, by sound constitution strengthens the soul, but the well regulated soul, by its authoritative power, maintains the body in perfect health."

Today, medicine freed from the church appears to have left the care of this much disputed soul of mana to the care of theology. Theology on its part has made little of the body. As a matter of fact, for about 1,500 years the church and its authorities were a hindrance to the progress of science in general. Christ emphasized healing of the body in his ministry, but, during the middle ages especially, his followers became so perverted in their thought that they brought about untold damage to the healing art, at a most important period of its development, through their tragic undervaluation of bodily welfare and overestimation of spiritual values.

The church, however, has gone through radical changes since that time. There are those who believe that even now it is experiencing a sort of continuous gradual revolution, destined to emerge with a reversal of its former attitude toward science. Instead of looking on it as a rival, the church is beginning to welcome science as an ally and is seeking its aid in solving the problems that cnofront organized religion today.

Science, on the other hand, is said to be becoming less material, less convinced that the universe can ultimately be explained in terms of matter, and more ready to enter speculative fields.

As problems become mutual, all tend to meet in the course of their search for truth. And so it is with medicine and religion in relation to the present problem. We are not concerned with the differences between religion and science, the science or art of medicine in particular, but with what each can contribute to an impartial investigation of a mutual problem, namely, the relation of religion and health, as demonstrated in certain modern religious-therapeutic practices.

In order to comprehend the situation fully it is necessary first to consider the theories and practices involved in the activities of certain cults, not within the church, which include healing in their purpose and give their systems a religious setting.

Then we must consider the work of individuals and institutions not especially organized for religious work but making religion an essential element in the methods they use to readjust patients of various types who are under their care for that purpose.

We come finally to a consideration of work within the churches. This includes organized efforts to introduce healing as a function of religion, less direct efforts at religious therapy on the part of individual members of the clergy, and certain types of medical work carried on in established relationships between clergymen and physicians. To complete the picture, we call attention also to health work along more ordinary lines and the general facilities available for health work in churches.

The problem is of such complexity that it will be fully comprehended only through a most intensive study carried on with mutual understanding, mutual cooperation and mutual desire to solve the questions involved. This is a matter for the future. Under the circumstances, the present study constitutes only a preliminary survey of the field, and my purpose in this paper is merely to indicate the scope of the problem, to formulate conclusions so far as conclusions can be formulated at this stage, and to present what material I have been able to glean, as a basis for the formation of adequate plans for a more adequate investigation of the entire situation. Subsequent papers will report the results of further study.

The survey to establish the fact that the problem is very great and that it will repay further investigation both because of its possibilities for good and on account of the obvious necessity of preventing evil developments. Since the movement is world wide, it was necessary to localize this particular survey in order to make it practical. It has therefore been confined largely to movements that have active centers in New York. A perusal of the literature on the subject will readily verify the fact that what is reported here is typical of what may be found throughout the country.

Its importance may be judged from the fact that the Church of England, after a study of the problems presented by the religious healing movement, carried on over a period of three years, has appointed a permanent committee of promient physicians, clergymen and psychologists to act in an advisory capacity to the church with regard to the matter, and in America the Episcopal Church has also appointed an advisory committee consisting of physicians clergymen and laymen. There is no doubt that the movement is on, and on in earnest.

(In the section to be published next week the subject is Christian Science.)

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LITERATURE AND

FAURE WRITES FINE BOOK ON HISTORY OF ART

BY LORA C. HAGEMEYER

Elie Faure is the author of one of the finest histories of art ever written. He has the power of placing himself at the artist's centre of consciousness and he views life from that point. He has an understanding of the value of art in the developement of a race such as one meets with rarely, because he combines a clear and vigorous mentality with the qualities of the poet and the artist.

It is unfortunate that "The Dance Over Fire and Water" is so badly translated. The English is clumsy and obscure and there is an unpardonable lack of that quick sympathy which should exist between a translator and the work translated. However, one is well repaid for the trouble of reading this book, for it is the work of a poet who is Nietzschean in the vigor of his thought. "One should take things tragically, nothing seriously—" he says and this is the tenor of the whole group of essays. He must see life painted on a tremendous canvas—in order to have room for the majestic stride of tragedy and comedy. Or he must feel a new rythm which gathers all similar rythms into its swing until the lesser vibrates to the tune of the greater.

"He who is not a bird shall not dwell over abysses" says Nietzsche. The mind of Elie Faure is winged and soars supremely over the frightful abysses of war and death. In tragedy he sees the mother of the arts—He spreads history before our eyes to show us how the birth of great men has followed periods of immense suffering.—A lapse after bloody wars and then—great cathedrals, great pictures great sculpture and great epics.

Slave-morality is as distasteful to him as any other form of repression. "The drama is almost fatal," he says "because morality seeks to establish in the individual and the social body an external continuity which paralyses them, while art attempts to discover the invisible and profound continuity which breaks the artificial mold in which it pretends to close them in. In taking eternity unawares in every living second, the artist admits all the forms of art. In seeking for eternity outside the living second, the moral man does not admit but a single form of action."

The story of humanity is the story of the individual on a large scale and Elie Faure with the superior sweep of his mind has given in this book a sketch of the great pattern woven by Art through the history of civilization. It will be a loss to thoughtful people if the unfavorable reviews of men too busy or too impatient to struggle with a poor translation allow this book to remain unrecognized.

THE MOUNTAINS DOWN THE COAST

By Joan Ramsay

Gray beasts
Looming through the night . . . .
Gray pre-historic beasts
Furred with sage-brush
About whose mammoth paws
The surf endlessly swirls . . . .
Their paws rest on the beaches
And their backs arch against the stars . . . .
Gray beasts
Eyelessly watching
With blind faces turned to the sea . . . .
Some rear dark horns
Of naked trees—
Others are hooded—smooth-headed . . . .
Never think they are dead—or asleep—
They wait their time—
They have been waiting through the centuries
The hour when they may at last move
To devour their prey . . . .

BARRYMORE PUTS HUMOR IN "LIFE"

By MARION STURGES-JONES

Here is no weighty opus from a great American tragedian. Those who approach John Barrymore's "Confessions" with reverential awe may be puzzled to find themselves giggling as they read the first page. And they will still be giggling when they close the book. Our erstwhile Hamlet wrote his last words while he was engaged in the filming of Melville's "Moby Dick." "What we are going to do for a love interest, I don't quite know," Mr. Barrymore lightly flips off in conclusion. "He might fall in love with the whale. I am sure, however, Hollywood will find a way."

The whale with which John Barrymore fell in love many years ago was life. It always seemed to him more important that one should be merry and gay and abundantly alive than that one should attain eminence and dignity. Quite unabashedly he tells of the escapades of his early youth, when as an actor he was looked upon as a good painter, and as an artist he was advised to return to the stage. Congenitally lazy, he worked only when he absolutely had to, sponging meantime upon his sister Ethel or whatever other of his family or friends would put up with him. He never meant to be a success, and he was not a little chagrined when, entirely in spite of his own efforts, honor and glory and the applause of multitudes were finally thrust upon him. John Barrymore's life is a delightful story of an Alger book gone wrong.

Admirers of the famous Barrymore-Drew family—and aren't we all?—will lap up luxuriously the many witty anecdotes with which Mr. Barrymore has stuffed his book. None, perhaps, is more joyful as repartee than Mrs. Georgie Drey Barrymore's reply to her husband as, one Sunday morning, she encountered him on the step of their Philadelphia home. Maurice Barrymore was returning from one of the all-night parties for which he was famous. "Where are you going, Georgie?" he asked. "I'm going to church," Mrs. Barrymore replied, "you can go to hell."

A book which ought to be popular in Carmel—if the number of dogs on Ocean Avenue is any indication of the number of dog-lovers here!—is "All Around Robin Hood's Barn" by Walter A. Dyer, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. There are no less than twenty-four dogs in the book! And all of them are illustrated in pictures by Charles Livingston Bull who is well known as the best all-round animal artist of the time.

"LISZT" TRANSLATOR KNOWN IN CARMEL

Harry Hansen in the New York World speaks of the new life of Liszt, just published, as "splendidly" translated by E. S. B." Carmel people know "E. S. B," as Eleanor Stimson Brooks, wife of Van Wyck Brooks, author of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" and many other notable volumes. Mrs. Brooks was in Carmel recently visiting her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Stimson, who has now gone East to make her home in Westport, Connecticutt.

"Have you read the new Knopf book?" asked the Person Loves to Originate Literary Discussions.

"I've just had a Borzoi view of it," said the Old Gentleman Who Enjoys Discouraging Debate —The Conning Tower.

Thomas Beer's new history of the eighteen-nineties, "The Mauve Decade", gets its name from a Whistler remark: "Mauve? Mauve is just pink trying to be purple."

THE HEAD WAITER

There's a deep and occult penetration
In his blandly professional look.
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He beckons you towards your table
With a coldly superior nod.
He's so disconcertingly able
That he must be inspired by God.
—from The New Yorker.

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TILLY POLAK
Antiques and Objets D'Art

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WROUGHT IRON LANTERNS

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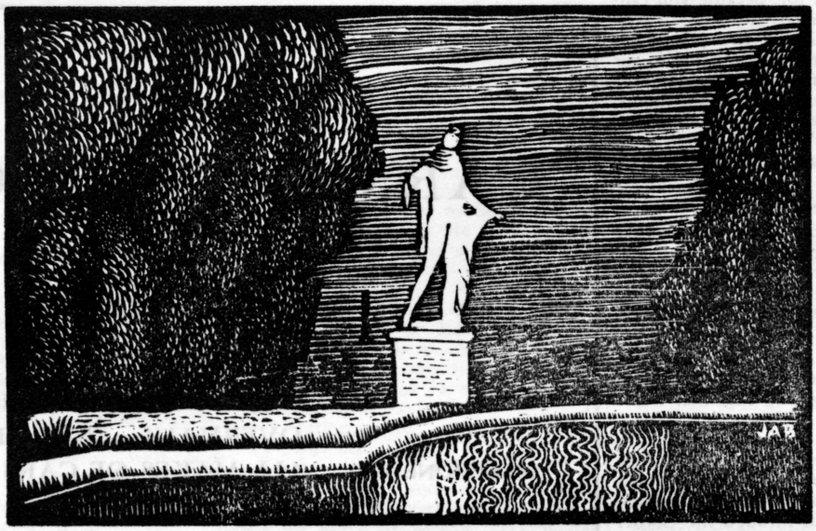
THE OTHER ARTS

THE APOLLO AT ST. CLOUD



A Woodcut by Jessie Arms Botke

A VISIT TO UNMARKED TOMB OF EL GRECO

By BLANCHE C. MATTHIAS

"Yes, he is buried here, El Greco. But no person knows where the coffin rests. Perhaps it is there under your feet, or here beside me in this thick wall. Please give an alms to the Sisters for the poor." Thru a raised grating the nun spoke, her head bowed so that her face was invisible. But the pure Castilian, softly spoken, and the white hand, slender and commanding, bespoke the blue in her veins.

Yet even she, lady of the church tho she was, seemed to be uninterested in the burial of the great artist. Strangely enough, the very place which so casually claims to contain the "polvo" of El Greco, was likewise the first to house one of his paintings. In 1557 in Toledo at Santo Domingo el Antiquo, the Dominico Theolopuli (El Greco) was laid to rest in the church of Santo Domingo el Antiquo. As to how the Greek arrived in Spain, or why, as little is known as about his burial site.

* * *

A number of copies and a few originals attributed to El Greco do nothing to lessen the cold gloom of Santo Domingo. The white-washed walls seem to absorb with icy detachment all that might speak of life or warmth. One grows suspicious that the spirit of El Greco in an exquisite desire for liberty has deliberately chosen this shrouded spot as one in which it may continue to exist creatively. Perhaps it is subtly responsible for the rather inferior examples which cause the few visitors to leave the forlorn church with unreverent haste. For should a fine El Greco dominate the chapel, then perhaps many tourists would linger and wander inquisitively into the most shadowed recesses, thus putting to flight the ghostly tenant who sought even in death to symbolize his individuality. The mad El Greco!

From Santo Domingo the narrow streets meander lazily past little shops and houses which lean together in a vain attempt to keep off a too hot sun, or a too bitter wind. Knowingly treaded, they bring one to the puerta of Santo Tome and to an El Greco so beautiful and inspirational that nothing short of life could be more wonder provoking.

The church itself is intimate and simple. It seems but to exist for thoughts and experience eternal. Lighted by a small dome in the forward chapel "El Entierro del Conte d'Orgaz" fills the entire right wall. It seems indeed to fill the entire church, so impressive is its presence. One rises to heights of stimulation, or settles into an almost hypnotic observation during a first seeing of this tremendous work. It takes other hours to give even a vague understanding of the actual experience it compels. All the senses are awakened, including some sixth and seventh ones, in the effort to respond to the perfection achieved, and perceived. Color, form design, content and on and on. Nothing is wanting, except perhaps, an audience who has long since outgrown its desire for pretty waterfalls or imitative sunsets. It is the El Greco who promises the wide sea, unfathomable,

(Turn to Page Eleven)

A man who writes books about books is A. Edward Newton of Philadelphia whose volume, "The Amenities of Book-Collectin gand Kindred Affections," published in 1918 has been very popular. His latest is called "The Greatest Book in the World" and is an exhaustive history of the Bible, that is, the Latin Vulgate and the Authorized or King James Version and published in 1611. He tells just where all the famous and most valuable copies are at the present day, interesting information, especially for the traveler who loves rare books and cares to go out of his way to look them up.

O'MALLEY LITTLE OFF ON HIS GEOGRAPHY

The following would indicate that Frank Ward O'Malley, for many years on the New York Sun and now the "oldest volunteer fireman of New Jersey," is somewhat off-side on his location of Carmel. Southern California, for sooth! Most of us never heard of the place. It's to the north we trek.—Ed.

Now just take this native son's oration and add to anything a Florida real-estate man might say about Florida while talking to a big retired butter-an-egg man from Wilkes-Barre. Yes, and pile on top of this all that any member of the older literary set of Carmel-by-Sea would write about South ern California if the hard-boiled Eastern editors would let the Carmel literary gent get away with it. Then when you have added all this mess of language together you have something approaching in ecstasy a Riviera fan's description of the Riviera.

—from Random Thoughts on the Riviera by Frand Ward O'Malley in The Saturday Evening Post.

IF I WERE KING

I'd make the papers bleat
With sorrow.
They'd print tomorrow's sheet
Tomorrow.
The weeklies and the monthlies, too
Would wait until their time was due.

—P. C. in the New Yorker

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SHOPPING with CYMBALINE

As I said before, when Cymbaline likes a thing, she says so enthusiastically, and when she doesn't like it, she says so equally enthusiastically. Frankness is commendable, I agree, but there are times when Cymbaline's outspokenness is embarrassing. For instance, the other evening we were calling on a new neighbor who showed us proudly the new lampshade she had just brought down from the City. It was an elaborate affair lined with silk and edged with a deep fringe, rather lovely of its kind (if you like that kind!) but, as Cymbaline said, "It doesn't go with your house at all! It belongs in a city apartment, not in this lovely redwood living room."

Well, the word 'lovely" took some of the curse off the remark— I hope— but I must admit there was a slight chill in the air during the rest of our call.

"But why don't people furnish their houses appropriately?" demanded Cymbaline on the way home in answer to my protest at tactlessness, "I think a real Carmel living room is the most satisfactory, comfortable and attractive interior any intelligent person could want. If you have redwood walls and a rough stone fireplace and a door opening onto a patio so that you live an amphibious in-an-out-door existence, why not choose things that harmonize with the surroundings? A shade like that is simply impossible in that sort of a room— it's as bad as high-heeled pumps worn with knickers, like the tourists I saw on Ocean avenue yesterday."

The next day Cymbaline came back from one of her frequent strolls about town. "I've just taken a little trip to Europe," she announced. I looked up astonished and enquiring.

"Why yes," she continued calmly, "Right down on Ocean avenue in the Seven Arts building—the Corner Cupboard. I'll tell you all about that some other time, though. What I wish to talk about now is the matter of of lampshades which we were discussing yesterday."

"Discussing" seemed to me hardly the correct term since Cymbaline had done all the talking, but I suppressed obvious comment and listened respectfully. I find it the best way to get along with Cymbaline.

"I saw several kinds of lampshades there which seemed to me just meant for Carmel houses," she went on eagerly, "One style was made of raffia in different colors; another was glazed chintz and still another which especially attracted me was coarse linen mounted on parchment. It had little scenes painted on it, Carmel scenes with trees and things, which Mrs. Rose said had been done by the artist, Legendre. You know how I feel in general about 'hand-painting' on things. They're either utterly impossible—or entirely lovely! I can't define what it is that makes the difference, but it's something quite definite. Anyhow, these are the right kind, and you have to see them to know what I mean. The glazed chintz can be made to match your curtains, and the design comes out clear and bright. As to the raffia, you really would be surprised to see how attractive they age, with a sort of rustic effect which seems to be particularly suited for the simpler Carmel cottages. The raffia, by the way is a special kind which Mrs. Rose sends to England for, because you cannot get it here so soft and silky in feeling. Then there are the parchment shades which you can use plain or have decorated in designs and colors to harmonize with your furnishings. You see." ended Cymbaline triumphantly, "There's no need to wear high-heeled pumps with hiking clothes!"

"Yes," I agreed,"But why——"

"But why," interrupted Cymbaline, whose eyes had been wandering to the wall over the fireplace, "why do you have that completely satisfactory painting framed in that atrocious ready-made frame?"

"Why . .. er . . I don't know," I answered doubtfully. I have always had a sneaking feeling that that frame wasn't right.

"You should have one made just for that painting," said Cymbaline firmly, "by an artist who knows what will make it show to its best advantage. I found out through the Corner Cupboard, that Mr. Legendre designs and makes frames to order, so if you're really as fond of that painting as you say you are you had better get it properly framed."

With that, Cymbaline departed into the kitchen to look for refreshments. .

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JUST AS IT OCCURS

to O. S.

[The Cymbal's Eastern Looker-on]

Did I tell you about getting Oliver Onions' novel, "Whom God Hath Sundered"? It's a boiling down of three novels Onions has written in the past, all three having been written around the same story, from the standpoint of different characters in it. Onions has a particular significance for me because he was one of my very earliest "modern" enthusiasms—I began to read him on the recommendations of John Cowper Powys. Louis Wilkinson also praised him very highly. I think, as a matter of fact, that Onions and Powys and Wilkinson knew each other in England and weren't above log-rolling for each other over here, though they probably meant all they said honestly enough. Anyway, Onions is indubitably a remarkably fine writer. This book gets you with almost unbearable intensity. It's frightfully long, and goes into minute detail, which I usually dislike, but which in this case is so awfully well done that it serves to bring you into the most intimate contact with the story . . .

* * * *

I got "The Hounds of Spring" from the local library, read a couple of chapters and returned it. I certainly couldn't see where all the hosannas come in! It seems to be completely inferior to "The Constant Nymph" (which it's been likened to and called better than). The youth of the author is disagreeably apparent. That is, I'm sure Sylvia Thompson is a very nice, bright English girl—but that's about all. She goes in for picturing an English country household and every one of her characters is a stock one. Charming mother, whom the keen and appreciative father adores, brilliant son at Oxford, happy but unawakened daughter engaged to clever young man, and naughty little younger daughter. Everything they say sounds so story bookish and unreal! It was frightfully tedious to me . . Of course, you can't make rules about it, but generally speaking, a man or woman has little to offer until after thirty. Up to that time you neccessarily are too busy *living*—after thirty, you can take time to sort out your impressions and see what, if anything, you make of them . . .

I must get some more of this Stella Benson's book! "Living Alone" is a rarely delicious thing! . . .

* * * *

We were hesitating in front of the movie theatre—it was Tom Moore in "Pretty Ladies"—when the ticket man, seeing our dubious expressions, urged us to go in, saying it was a wonderful picture and he knew we'd like it. Such was our weak-minded conditions that we fell! I dunno if the doorman meant his advice as a dirty dig, but if he thought we was the kind of people what would like that kind of picture, it was no compliment, believe me! The world's worst! It reached its apex when the dumbbell pure heroine, when told her husband had been unfaithful to her, says, "I believe in God, and He wouldn't let that happen to me and my bbay!" Can yuh imagine? . . . .

* * * *

I didn't read the whole of "The Americanization of Eddie Bok," but from the third or so that I did peruse, I can tell you that it's pretty awful. He writes in the third person, you know, explaining it as a natural reticence for using so many "I's", but actually, I'm sure, it is because he can get the feeling that it's somebody else, and can be more fatuous and self-satisfied thereby! It's the story of such a very model and entirely perfect youth that you simply don't give a damn after a chapter or two. He made up his mind when he first came to this country that he'd get along, become a personage, and he never missed an opportunity to further that ambition. There's no romance, no adventure, not a speck of the chance element in anything he did. It's all very admirable, and deadly dull. Even when he came to marry (to which I never got in the book) he chose somebody "suitable," somebody who would help him in his career—Curtis's daughter, as you know . . .

* * * *

The farthest south in risque stories has been reached, so far as I've discovered, in one called "The Prelude," by Paul Geraldy, in the anthology of "The Best French Short Stories of 1923-24." My eye! It's certainly amazing that this ever got printed in English—there's one "love scene" that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination, recording even the conversation of the man and girl during its most intimate moments—conversation than which I can imagine nothing more personal! . . . .

* * * *

We took a chance the other evening on the movie "The Cohens and the Kellys." It's that Jewish Harp story that is so like "Abie's Irish Rose" that the producers are being sued for plagiarism. The audience was convulsed by its vaudeville captions and tearful over its alternate "pathos." Vera Gordon, of course, played the Jewish mother and of course, played it well. An old Mack Sennett fellow called, I think, Charles Murray played the Irish policeman and played it with a sense of having a lemon-meringue pie in the offing at all the crucial moments. An olive-skinned Italian boy played the Irish son who falls in love with the Jewish daughter, and the rest of the cast seemed to be exclusively Nordic blonds striving to look like enemies of the Ku Klux Klan!

* * *

"The Saint's Theatre" is a weird sort of thing, one of these books that open with "she was exquisite" period and paragraph. And then go on further along that theme. After two pages of it, you get the idea that she was a pretty nice girl . . . Oh, and she's supposed, evidently, to have simply ended by disappearing from the face of the earth, because there's a prologue which ought to be an epilogue which tells you how she is a more touching figure than Christ because his admirers at least had a tomb to worship at, while she left neither tomb nor body!

* * *

We had a most interesting time at lunch with Gene Saxton whom I met while he was still with Doran's. He was even nicer than before. An interesting face—almost totally undistinguished you consider his mouth, which is beautifully formed, very sensitive and artistic. I say the rest of his face is undistinguished because he is a very blond person with scant hair and pale eyelashes and eyebrows and light bule eyes. His color too, is very creamy so that nothing about his face would make any particular impression. He has a very matter-of-fact way of talking; a pleasing voice, but unemotional. He says he likes a man in exactly the same tone he would use if he were saying he detested him, or vice versa . . . . We went to the Algonquin but not having engaged a table in advance, could not get in the room frequented by the writing crowd. We saw one or two persons he knew—Horace Liveright is the only I can remember . . . Mr. Saxton talked about authors, egged on by my questions about Maugham, Swinnerton, Walpole, Huxley, etc. He adores Swinnerton, says he's the most delightful companion and entertaining person, fond of simple, unostentatious pleasures—Young Felix, I guess. Maugham he is keen about as a writer, and equally as a person—is shy, very tolerant, friendly, interested in the other fellow, fonder of listening than of talking . . . I spoke of "Half Gods" and he told me sketchily of the career of the young Montrosses, which isn't interesting or unusual enough to repeat . . . . . I was carrying "Winesburg, Ohio" and that led him to talk of Sherwood Anderson, whom he knows rather well, and likes tremendously—a sincere, curiously wise and curiously ignorant, baffling sort of man—those weren't his exact words, but that was the idea he conveyed. . . .

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VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE NATIVE

COMFORT

By RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I cannot bring you comfort—ask me not
For smooth-pulled sheets and socks all neatly mended;
I cannot bring you biscuits brown and hot,
If these you seek, why, then our love is ended,
If love you call it—men do call it love—
And women, too, who know no other kind,
Who patiently put household tasks above
The trifling hungers of the flesh and mind.
But I can laugh with you at commonplaces,
And make a feast of moments men call cheap,
And I can go like snow and leave no traces,
When night means nothing more to us than sleep,
Oh! is it not comfort to believe
My heart will not grow dingy on your sleeve?

—from Harper's Magazine.

BASEBALL AS WAS

(Continued from Page Two)

"Dinky" Davis pitcher of the Utica N. Y. team threw a fast ball with a jerking motion that was very effective. Pitchers did not "wind up" then but Davis brought his arm to his hip and let the ball go from there. By the way, a man named Burns caught Davis. I will never forget Burns for he gave me a season pass to the Utica games and you know what that means to a "kid." I think I wore it out showing it to the rest of the gang to prove that I actually had such a prize.

In 1883 I saw the first game played by the New York Nationals in the old Polo Grounds in New York. The crowd actually almost filled those old grounds and the mounted police had to be called in to get the crowd back far enough to give the outfielders enough room to work in.

The crowd came early and took possession of every available space including the grand stand and bleachers. Late comers had to fight their way in and park themselves where they could. It was a noisy but good natured and enthusiastic crowd and an exciting game well worth watching.

"Buck" Ewing caught for the New Yorks (as they were then called) in that game. He was a fast worker and one of the leading batters of the National League. He could snap a ball to the bases quicker than any catcher I ever saw. Few if any players took any chances stealing bases on Ewing, with the possible exception of "King" Kelly. Kelly had an uncanny knack of doing most anything on the bases without letting the umpire see him. Repeatedly he would cut the bases by a very wide margin and get away with it. There was only one umpire then and he stood behind the batter and a little to the right of him.

I also had the pleasure of seeing the first game played in the Carmel Abalone League. That was also an interesting game and a good crowd all had "reserved seats" free. No curved balls were pitched and a ball probably unknown in 1776 or 1876 was used. This made the game interesting and safe for young and old, male and female and gave us all a chance to get mild exercise that many of us would not and perhaps could not get otherwise. Great credit is due those who started this branch of baseball also to those who have given much of their time and means to keep these annual Carmel League games going.

A CALL ON WILLIAMS

(Continued from Page One)

young people today who imagine that if they have an idea that is big enough it will somehow automatically intelligent enough to write itself. He says that is tommyrot. He expresses his unaffected pleasure in the fact that the women writers of today are doing such fine and lasting work. "It's still too much of a man-made world", he says.

He is one of the committee of three judges in the Harper's 1926-7 $2,000 prize novel competition, and he talked Sunday night quite a little about writing. He said that he was particularly gratified by the success of "The Perennial Bachelor", by Anne Parrish, which he and one of the other judges insisted last year should be awarded the Harper prize as the best novel submitted.

"The name of the writer was strange to me," he said. But after the award had been made I discovered that it was the pen name of a great friend of my family."

Williams was also one of the judges when "The Able McLaughlins", by Margaret Wilson was given the prize in 1922-3.

Williams has been sojourning, as he calls it, in Carmel for about a year and will remain here with his family until January, at least. But this is not his first visit to Carmel. In 1907 he ran away from the distractions of the Bohemian club in San Francisco and came down here to write in Arnold Genthe's house on El Camino Real. At that time Genthe's directions to him for finding the house were: "After you have had dinner at Pine Inn go straight down the street until you come to the first street on your left. It's the third house." Those directions would be inadequate and wholly misleading today.

Williams says that he has closed his career as a playwright.

"It's too much joyless labor," he says. "After you have written the thing, you re-write it a dozen times. Then follow it to New York and watch the managers juggle it and distort it. You can't do with it as you do with a book—write it and send it forth to make its own way. In playwriting after the travail of creation there is travail of confusion. You are closer to your audience in fiction and I shall keep at that."

Williams is a modest, frank, comfortable sort of a man. He has no apparent eccentricities of genius.

DOLORES STREET PAVING TO BE FINISHED BY JULY FIRST

The permanent paving on Dolores street between Ocean and Eighth avenue will be completed before July 1, according to Alfred P. Fraser, street superintendent. It is expected that the final week in June will see the work finished and street entrance once more established to the doorways of the post-office and the business houses between Ocean avenue and Seventh avenues. Seventh avenues between Lincoln and San Carlos streets will be paved in about the same time.

Emblem of Purity!

"General Andrews says embalming fluid is being used in the manufacture of present-day whisky. This, in time, should reduce the mortician's art to the simple matter of laying the lily on the victim's chest," opined the Arkansas Gazette.

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OPEN LETTER TO J. A. EASTON

(Continued from Page One)

"Pine Cone Policies" to a back-handed slap at The Cymbal's statement that it would say something, say what it thinks about things, and say it hard. Why didn't you name us? It wouldn't have been giving us reluctant advertising. Our subscription list and newsstand sales are very close to yours right now and they are growing every day. It is silly to assume that there are any appreciable number of your subscribers who do not know of the existence of The Cymbal.

And I am taking what you say in this editorial on which to base my belief that you are going to be a bit dull. You are apparently a chamber of commerce man. I would think that you are a joiner, probably a rotarian. You say your policy "will endeavor to always be constructive." Aside from the fact that that is a terribly split infinitive, what are you going to construct? If you construct some interest, you will be serving Carmel just about as much as it desires to be served by a newspaper.

You refer to the Pine Cone in your letter to the people as "your little weekly newspaper." That is of the same tenor as your implied promise to boost. Carmel doesn't want to be talked to as though it were a country town, and it doesn't want any boosting. This isn't San Luis Obispo. Carmel is a community, not an industrial center, or a section depending on its back country. It is a gathering place for people who want to live under the most favorable natural conditions. Some people can have as short a residence here as you have had and still get the note of Carmel. You very evidently have failed to do so. That isn't necessarily blameful, because so few people do, but it is going to be hard for the readers of the Pine Cone.

You say the Pine Cone "hopes to always avoid giving offense." With another terrifyingly split infinitive you further convince us that there is still no hope from Dolores street. It is a country newspaper editor's method of saying that he will never give offense, or apologize in his next issue if he unwittingly does so in the previous one. It's a policy that will probably get you advertising and hold it, but that isn't a great deal of encouragement for your readers.

Which reminds me, by the way, that increasing the number of your pages to sixteen has given your advertisers what has surely been a long hoped for chance of getting next to reading matter.

After all, I wish for your success, but I am a bit dubious. I will help you all I can, however. To this end I would suggest that you adopt our "shopping column" idea, and I will tell you in advance that I intend running a weekly interview with persons prominent in the arts hereabouts.

Actually, I believe there is room in Carmel for only one weekly newspaper Strangely, perhaps, you and I have opposite hopes as to which it shall be But you can't fall back on the sentiment that was behind Mr. Overstreet. The Pine Cone is your paper now and you must make something of it; it must stand on its own two legs. In other words, you and I are starting about on an even break; I'm only a couple of weeks ahead of you.

As I say, I am dubious about your success. You have only the money the plant, the book circulation and the advertising contracts. And that isn't much—in Carmel.

Fraternally
W. K. BASSETT.

EL GRECO

(Continued from Page Seven)

derisive, unfriendly because no one knows what it could need in friendship. The El Greco, whose tenderness and sternness soar side by side. The El Greco of super-consciousness, superhumaness and the super-technique of a great artist. In other words, because he possessed that not understandable quality of the super, as did Blake, the El Greco by men called "mad." Mad, perhaps, because he leaves us satisfied, and man is never thus, unless he meets up with another who possesses a greater thing than that which he himself has mastered. Our own limitations allow us to enjoy that which leaves us no unfilled boundaries, and habit forming, they permit us to know the comfort of vegetable existence. To such El Greco will indeed seem mad, a painter of distortion and perversion.

* * *

To the eager eyes of the unprejudiced, "The Burial of the Conte d'Orgaza" is one of the world's greatest treasures, disclosing as it does, a bewildering beauty, together with a fascinating study of the age in which it was painted. To quote Pisa (Apuntamientos, 1612) "many exalted men of our own days are drawn here to the life." Most of the mourners are said to be portraits and the sixth figure from the left is supposed to be a self portrait. The three central figures once seen are never to be forgotten. The dead duke limply rigid in black armor rests heavily against the soft gold velvet of the princely robes of the two who carry him so tenderly. His ashen face in deep contrast to that of the sorrowing but living old man who looks down upon him so compassionately. The third figure is one of the most exquisitely sensitive and reflective of paintings. The bowed head of the young man, the humble service he performs, seems to speak of a devotion too mystical for one so humanly beautiful. El Greco did not hesitate to make even St. Augustin and St. Stephen the most real of unrealities in his treatment of the old tale which brought them to Santo Tome for the burial of the pious Conte d'Orgaz.

In the Prado, El Greco seemed of the present time. He was as modern as sky-scrapers. He suggested Stravinsky, Einstein, radio. He worked on skeletons, hung them with blocks of stone. He worked as tho thru necessity, with speed, endurance and the fearless upward rearing of a thing secure in its foundations and proportions. His was the unconditional and imperative creation, whether he brought forth a great tree or a wisp of thistledown. But seen in Santo Tome he loses his modernity, and we understand why we have resented the term. He loses his modernity when by his own supreme super-gesture, he makes of his art a thing eternal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Halstead Yates were among the guests at a small dinner party given by Mrs. John B. Rittenhouse Thursday evening at her home in Pebble Beach. Mrs. Rittenhouse is going away for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton were hosts at a bridge party in the El Monte Verde apartments last Wednesday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Miss Ernestine Renzal and Franklin Murphy.

Blue Bird Tea Room

LUNCHEON DINNER
Tea Service

TELEPHONE 161

A CHUMMY ROADSTER?

(From the Denver Post)

Refined, rather attractive, fun-loving forty-year-old widow, still with young ideas, a stranger in Denver, would like to meet gentleman with car like inclination. Mat., Box 7, W132 Post. — From the Conning Tower

We agree with Thomas A. Edison when he says that the world doesn't need any more inventions just now. What the world needs is somebody to force the inventions now on the statute books. From the Conning Tower.

An Eyedeal

"Experiments conducted in the laboratory of the University of Illinois have produced a one-eyed fish. This certainly represents progress if some other use has been found for the fish's other eye," said the Detroit News.

Eliot & Marian

The easiest way to keep up with the latest styles is to come and look at our dresses. Everything direct from New York. Two-piece jerseys and tub silks; afternoon and evening gowns.

We make our own

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EDITORIAL PAGE

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

W. K. BASSETT
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, MAY 25, 1926

This Man Mencken

In last week's issue of The Cymbal we printed H. L. Mencken's idea of President Calvin Coolidge and a few others. The publisher of the Baltimore Sun and editor of the American Mercury gives his views of the chief executive of the country in characteristic language. He doesn't quibble; he doesn't say: "maybe." He has the rhetoric of his convictions. The statement is startling, rather, and admittedly interesting, whether you agree with the writer or not. The Cymbal reprints it as a contribution to the very refreshing spirit of the day in giving air to the views and opinions of anyone who has the courage and the eloquence to state them in a fascinating manner.

But, on the other hand, you are compelled to consider Mencken and his thoughts. You cannot dispose of him with a "fiddlesticks!" You can't shove him aside with an "anarchist" epithet. Here is a man who for ten years has been in the minds of the intelligent people of the country a greater part of the time than has any statesman, poet, financier, scientist, artist or student in the world. Three years ago he began the publication of a monthly magazine and that magazine has set a new standard, not alone in the nature and character of its text, but in its physical appearance and general order of things. It has bombshelled the citadels of the older publications. Magazines of smug dignity and aloofness have draped themselves in ghastly colors to meet the popularity of the fascinating green of the American Mercury. The Century, that keystone of American magazines, sulking in its tent of convention and a puritan conscience, has finally endeavored to speak raucously from a larynx that is too far gone through exposure to the dank cloisters of its historical security. Harper's has gone mad with attempts at cosmetical excitement. Others of the same traditional concepts are choking in a slough of despond created by the man Mencken's entrance into dignified and forceful magazine work.

No, you can't sneer at Mencken. You can get made and rave and hopefully consign him to Russian ostracism, but you cannot wave him aside with indifference. He's here, or, as Dorothea Castelhun has it: He's back "in the great closed spaces where men are Mencken."

Anent Mouse Traps

Ever since childhood, and probably previous to that time when our betters endeavored to test our brain capacity with undigestible information, we have been inundated with platitudinous quotations assumed to contain undeniable truths. For instance, how often have we heard that bit of wisdom about even though you may build your house in an impenetrable forest, the world will make a beaten path to your doorstep if you happen to construct a better mouse trap than any other mouse trap constructor within a radius of a million miles.

There may be, within a radius of a million miles from the particular location of the Pacific Grove theater, a better motion picture palace, better in general appointments, comfort, atmosphere and the daily programs presented, but we venture to declare without fear of much raucous contradiction that there are none such on this certain Monterey peninsula, or in the country immediately adjoining it to the north, south and east, or toward whatever points of the compass country does manage to adjoin it. The Pacific Grove theater is a little gem in interior appearance; its screen offerings, be they advertisements for the local butcher shop or the Pacific Grove bank, which fallaciously insists that you can get rich by depositing your savings therein, or the so-called educational strip of celluloid, the comedy or the main event, are everything to be desired by any one who may have the peculiar twist of appreciation that desires motion pictures.

Yet with all this, neither the world of Pacific Grove or the Monterey peninsula seems to be intent on making a beaten path to its box office.

We may have understood the meaning of the platitudinous quotation wrong. The Pacific Grove theater should, perhaps, buy a piece of impenetrable forest from the Del Monte Properties company and set to work there constructing its perfect mouse traps.

Listen—

You know, just between us, although we said quite brazenly in our opening editorial announcing ourselves that we could pass out as easily as we came into being and intimated that it would not matter much to us either way, we actually did have a sneaking feeling back in our editorial mind that we were going over big. Well, we aren't going over big, and we are feeling badly about it. We set out to be frank and open with you and we intend to continue to be frank and open. We do not intend to talk glibly about our success and our progress as a newspaper when that success and that progress are not apparent. We will crow loudly enough when the time comes for crowing, but we have always been annoyed by those premature chanticleers of the morning and we do not wish to be one of them. It most certainly isn't time for us to crow.

In other words, although THE CYMBAL has met with a most gratifying reception in all sections of the woods, we have found that while people are willing to talk about it, they do not seem to be so willing to do anything about it. The result is as apparent as you could imagine it would be. Our subscription list is not growing by the leaps and bounds we, in that private and secret conviction we had, thought that it would. THE CYMBAL is circulating—Oh, yes, quite generally. The newsstands are selling it delightfully. People are coming into the office with dimes pressed anticipatorily between the thumb and index finger of their right hands. But while that is good, it isn't perfect. We crave perfection.

Now, if THE CYMBAL is worth the ten cents you pay for it each week—and surely no one dares stand forth and say it isn't, unless it be, temporarily, Edward Kuster and Mrs. Fassett—it certainly is worth the one dollar and one-quarter we ask for its delivery to you by mail for three months, and more certainly the two dollars and a quarter we require for a six-months period, and the four dollars necessary to assure it to you for a year.

And it is necessary for us to have the subscription list more than the newsstand sales. You can see the logic in this. We have to know pretty definitely how many papers to print each week. It's analogous with the situation in which you might find yourself if eighteen persons answered your invitation to tea with the general remark, "We may come. Don't expect us until you see us." It would be quite difficult for you to know how much cake to provide.

Therefore, we are placing in this issue another subscription blank. If you are not a regular subscriber to THE CYMBAL we would suggest that you fill out this blank and send it in to us. If you don't you may find shortly that you won't be able to get a CYMBAL, and could you imagine a more ridiculous situation than that? If you are a subscriber just turn around and ask the person at your elbow in the jam on Ocean avenue if he or she is. If the answer is No, you make the suggestion we have suggested.

Because, and we say this without shaving off one sliver from the timber of our determination to tell the truth, that THE CYMBAL is going to be better next week than this week, and better than that the week after and so on *ad infinitum* until well, until we burst with that final acquisition of perfection—just like the Mutant.